

WEEK ENDING MAY 15, 1915

PRICE TEN CENTS



THOROUGHBREDS

PAINTED BY W. E. HILL

RARE OPPORTUNITY TO SECURE THE FAMOUS BUNNER BOOKS ABSOLUTELY FREE



"As to Bunner, one wonders why his fine, sincere work is not more widely known. Seldom is he mentioned when the great are under discussion. Go, you that know him not, read 'Short Sixes,' 'The Suburban Sage,' 'Made in France,' and 'The Runaway Browns.'"
"F. P. A.," in "The Conning Tower," New York Tribune.

For nearly a generation, the name of H. C. Bunner, one-time editor of PUCK, has stood in the front rank of American humorists.

It is doubtful if any other American, with the single exception of Mark Twain, has caused more laughter or wreathed more faces in smiles than Bunner, through the quiet, gentle humor of "Short Sixes," "More Short Sixes" and "The Suburban Sage."

When, therefore, the question of summer reading comes up for consideration, why not make the acquaintance of this humorist, whom Franklin P. Adams—whose newspaper column numbers its followers by the thousands daily—has spoken of in the unmeasured terms of praise at the top of this page.

Two great publishing houses have, within the past month, requested permission to bring these humorous classics out in a uniform library binding. An acceptance of one of these offers prompts us to make this announcement.

When issued in their new form, the Bunner Books will immediately take their place among the really notable editions of the day, and in making arrangements for this more permanent binding, we are enabled to dispose of the very small stock of these three books which we now have on hand, in a manner that will offer new subscribers to PUCK an advantage which we have not heretofore been in a position to advertise.

A Bunner Book FREE with Every Six Months' Subscription to PUCK

These books have always retailed for a dollar a copy. They are on sale at hundreds of bookstores throughout the country today at one dollar a copy, but while the supply lasts we will send one of these books ABSOLUTELY FREE to every reader of Puck sending us \$2.50 for a six months' subscription. Or, we will send any TWO of the Bunner Books for a full year's subscription at \$5.00—check, bill or money order.

These books are printed from large, clear type, with wide margins. They are well-made, substantially and attractively bound, and will make a pleasing addition to any library. A full description of each book is given below. They are illustrated by artists who have made Puck a power in the humorous periodical field for nearly forty years.

A Partial List of the Famous Stories in These Books

The stories contained in these volumes have become celebrated through years of telling and re-telling in the homes of fun-loving

Americans. For solid, substantial, rib-tickling laughter they have few equals in any language, and as long as American humor exists you will find these stories by Bunner celebrated among those who know and appreciate the better quality of lighter reading. Some of the famous stories contained in these books are:



The Suburban Sage

Cloth-bound, stamped in gold and silver, 175 pages, 5 x 7 1/2 inches, illustrated by C. J. Taylor, with autograph portrait of Mr. Bunner.

Short Sixes

Bound in boards with cloth back, gold stamped, 232 pages, 5 x 7 1/2 inches, profusely illustrated by C. J. Taylor, F. Oppen and S. B. Griffin.

More Short Sixes

Bound in brown buckram, gold stamped, 230 pages, 5 x 7 1/2 inches, illustrated by C. J. Taylor, with autograph silhouette of Mr. Bunner.



The Cumbersome Horse
Mr. Vincent Egg and the Wage of Sin
The Man with the Pink Pants
The Ghollah
Samantha Boom-de-ay
My Dear Mrs. Billington
The Two Churches of Quawket
The Love Letters of Smith
Zenobia's Infidelity
The Nine-Cent Girls
Mr. Copernicus and the Proletariat

A Sisterly Scheme
Early Stages of the Bloomer Fever
A Water-Color House
The Time Table Test
Mr. Cheddy on a Regular Nuisance
The Suburbanite and His Golf
The Suburban Dog
The Evolution of the Suburbanite
Colonel Brereton's Aunty

Puck

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NEW YORK

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lowing book(s) by H. C. Bunner:

(TITLE OF BOOK OR BOOKS)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY AND STATE

Start Your Summer Reading with a Whole-Hearted, Side-Splitting Laugh with H. C. Bunner

For the book to while away the train trip, to take with you on that long summer-day stroll, to cheer you up in the midsummer doldrums, there is nothing sprightlier than a Bunner story. And not only are these books in themselves little masterpieces of brilliant humor, but, remember, with each book you receive a six-months' subscription (26 numbers) to the cleverest weekly periodical on this side of the water. Our only reason for clearing out these books is to give the publisher a free field when he brings out his new uniform library edition.

Your subscription to PUCK will begin immediately on receipt of this coupon properly filled out and accompanied by check, money order, or currency for the proper amount.

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"WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE!"

Editor, A. H. FOLWELL
General Manager, FOSTER GILROY
Contributing Editor, HY MAYER

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Turn Your New "Ford" Jokes Into Gasoline Money

Is it true, PUCK wonders, that when at one of the Spring baseball games, a man who had a peculiarly convenient small parking space, and was, therefore, asking two dollars and fifty-cents for every car parked there, held up his hand to a Ford car and said: "Two dollars and fifty cents," that, thereupon, the owner said: "She's yours"? Was he the typical Ford owner?

Is it true that Ford owners can be identified by a peculiarly hunched-up gait in walking, the result of sitting in Ford cars and being in constant fear that their knees will knock their heads off—or does the awkwardness of gait, which is the recognized mark of Ford ownership, come from the possession of a vehicle of locomotion so reliable that its owner gets out of the habit of walking?

These are all questions that PUCK wants to have answered—questions to which we will attempt to give an answer in the PUCK Page of Ford Stories, which will appear in the issue of June 19. Don't miss this feature!

The Ford craze has permeated our daily lives. Not only are automobiles divided into Ford cars and We-Can't-Afford cars, but houses and real estate are coming to be valued in terms of how many Fords they are worth. Even raconteurs and humorists are being classified as to the number of really good Ford stories they know. PUCK, therefore, proposes to publish this page of the best Ford stories it can obtain.

We want to hear from the man who owns a Ford as well as from the one who wishes he owned one—from the man to whom, as he was stepping with one foot into his Ford, the remark was made: "Where is your other skate?" as well as from the man who made the remark.

We want to find out if a Ford will run eighteen miles on its reputation without any gasoline in its tank; and we also want to hear from the gentleman who climbed into the tonneau of a Ford and directed the owner to give him a shine!

Send in your Ford story. If it is original, all the better, but it need not be. It needs only to be really humorous, brief, and of recent vintage. We will pay \$5.00 each for every one we can use.

The gentleman who, in the following letter, permits us to peek into his correspondence with his better-half, has our profound admiration. He writes us:

Dear PUCK:

Following is copy of a part of a letter just mailed to my wife:

P.S.—Dearest, don't fail to see PUCK this week. "Lots of Pep" is worth a year's subscription of any man's money, and the Billy Sunday double-page is a treat for the gallery gods.

Don't forget a single Grinigram and note the only sane criticism yet offered of the "twilight sleep," page 9, left, bottom. "Faun in the Forest" is another White photo. This can't last, can it, dear? Let's hope so, even if they raise the price. Wish we could enjoy this number together, don't you?
LOVING HUBBY.

The editor may think this is a joke, but I assure him that the above is only a sample of our correspondence since PUCK has blossomed out so splendidly.

Yours for a jollier world, C. S. B., Jr.



Staff of Humorists in the Joke Assembling Room of Ford Factory

By the time these lines appear, that gay young boulevardier, Ralph Barton, will be well on his way toward Paris. Few Americans will brave mine and submarine this year to "do" Europe, so nothing remained for PUCK to do but to bring that dear Paris to its stay-at-home readers. With that indomitable courage which enables him to illustrate "The Puppet Shop" as no other artist in America would dare picture it, Barton may be depended upon to send us back some notable impressions of the French capital under the lowering clouds of war. Are the boulevards empty? Is the Pre Catalan no longer the rendezvous of gay luncheon parties? Is Yvonne bowed in grief while Anatole toils in the trenches? To the American whose vacation is incomplete without its quota of Parisian days, Barton's sketches will come as a breath of rosemary from afar—and he promises a batch on the first steamer leaving after he

gets his bearings in the changed Paris, the war-time Paris.

Speaking of Ralph Barton, the double-page in color next week is another example of his original work. Anticipating his European discoveries, he has taken us through our own land and suggested a number of improvements that would go to make America more comfortable for the unfortunate who has never been called upon to spend a summer on his native heath. Hy Mayer has a full page in color, and the cover is by Strimpt, of Paris. Mrs. Helena Smith-Dayton gives us the most original conception yet in her series of inimitable sketches. Next week "Miss Quince Entertains," and the accompanying clay models are as laughable as the ever-funny text. From England, George Birmingham, one of the foremost of contemporary British humorists, sends us "Traveling Companions." Order next week's copy to-day; you will be sorry if you miss it.

Many of our good readers are moved to share the delights of the new PUCK with their friends, yet hesitate to break their files when some especially notable color-pages arouse a generous impulse to pass the good thing along to someone else who might enjoy it. A dollar bill will work wonders toward accomplishing an act of true generosity and by the same token insure the completeness of your own volume. In the first place, it will purchase a three months' trial subscription to PUCK, sent to any address you elect. In the second place, it will bring PICKINGS FROM PUCK for a full year—four magnificent twenty-five cent numbers of sixty-four pages each. PICKINGS is issued every quarter—March, June, September, and December.

The Spring number will be ready next week on all news-stands. It contains many of the magnificent color prints and rotarygraveure pages that have made the past few months of PUCK a noteworthy accomplishment in publishing. If your newsdealer cannot supply you, send twenty-five cents in stamps for a copy, and after you've admired its unusual features send it along to some friend who does not receive PUCK.

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Manuscripts: PUCK will use its best care with MSS., but cannot be held responsible for their loss. Contributions sent by mail should be accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope or wrapper, otherwise they cannot be returned if unavailable. Decision will be rendered promptly, and payment made immediately upon acceptance. Send your contributions to PUCK before sending them elsewhere.

News-stands: PUCK is on sale every Monday on all trains, in railway stations, hotels, and by all responsible newsdealers at ten cents a copy. It is on sale in Europe at the various branches of the International News Co., and the Atlas Publishing & Distributing Co.; Brentano's, Paris, Wm. Dawson & Sons and W. H. Smith & Sons, London; Hachette et Cie, Paris, and Basile, Lausanne and Geneva, Switzerland.



GRINIGRAMS

Sincerely yours,
Faithfully yours,
Always yours.

From the letters of a Boss-hater to a Boss.

According to the class statistics, twenty-two per cent of the Princeton seniors have never been kissed. Is this a lament or a boast?

"As in golf, we all start the game of life with a drive."
—The Rev. Billy.

Yea; and we finish it with a drive—to the cemetery.

Baseball is interesting, grants General Huerta, but bullfights are better yet. In the Mexican version of baseball, the umpire would be attended by toreadors and banderilleros, with a matador handy to supply the finishing touch.

A contract has been signed whereby Geraldine Farrar will receive \$2 a minute as a movie actress. When Caruso hears this, he will have insomnia.

"I offered to send him to Venezuela, and he wouldn't go. I thought he ought to win his spurs before he was given such an important post as Paris." —Col. Roosevelt.

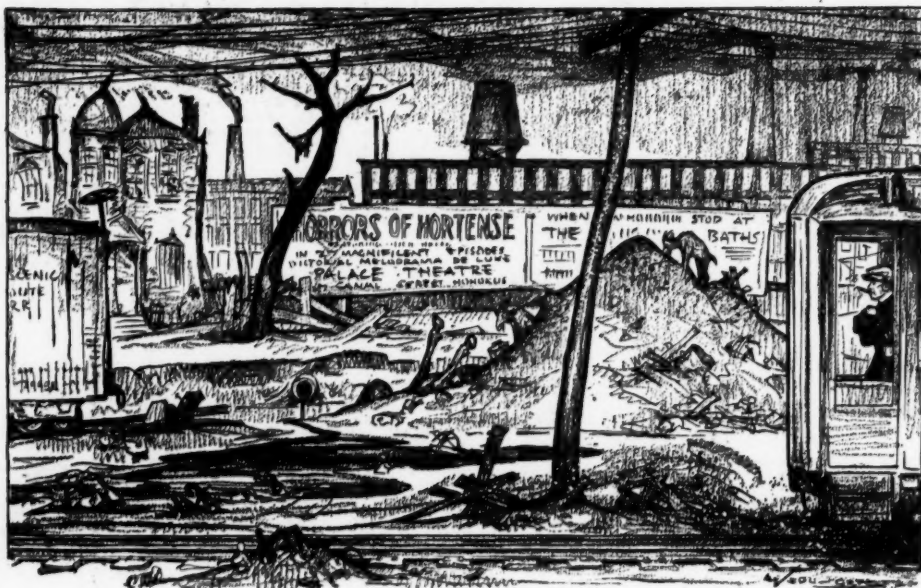
The "him" referred to was the Hon. James Hazen Hyde. But spurs! How could the Colonel have overlooked the Hyde type of whiskers? He wore his spurs on his face.



CLOSE HARMONY FOR 1916

PRESIDENT WILSON: This, I presume, is what they call bringing the Bull Moose and the Regular Republicans together.

Ruck



AESTHETIC U. S. A.

Being a Panorama of Approach to the Average American Town or City

Three Miles Out.—Sign on a hillside announcing that it is "Three Miles to the Beehive Bargain Bazaar." Five goats.

Two and Seven-eighths Miles Out.—Train of flat cars on a siding, each car aggressively laden with fertilizer. Drill engine. Small boys throwing stones at passing passenger coaches. Stagnant pond. Six goats.

Two and One-half Miles Out.—Sign in a marsh testifying that "Hotshape Corsets Give You Fits!" Struggling stream neatly coated with oil and coal tar products. Dead horse in field. Ash dump. Two goats.

Two and One-quarter Miles Out.—Dead tree. Dead dog. Half an acre of rusty railroad scrap-iron. Rusty and dismantled locomotive. Five million cars of anthracite coal. Bonfire of railroad ties. Wooden portrait of Painless Peters, Dentist, Main Street. Small boy after runaway cow. Family of goats.

Two Miles Out.—Sign breaking the news that it is "Two Miles to the Beehive Bargain Bazaar." Pool of water completely devoted to pulp mill refuse. Steam shovel tearing down side of hill. Shanties made of corrugated iron and rusty tin roofing. Fence made of discarded bed-springs and parts of ancient beds. Railroad crossing. Gin mill. Goats. Geese.

One and Three-quarters Miles Out.—Freight yard. Idle freight cars (result of Government interference with business, sir!). Brick yard with ninety billion bricks, all red and dusty. Sewer opening. Wooden cow and milkmaid recommending "My Ma's Milk—at all grocers." City refuse dump; fine assortment of tin cans, old shoes, old bottles, ashes, cinders, parts of

paper boxes, bits of rag, and many etceteras. People picking over same. Dump-cart bringing more. Seven goats, lunching.

One and One-half Miles Out.—Houses with signs on the side facing the track. "Tippler's Tonic—It Builds You Up" and "S. N. G. for Blood and Nerves." More houses; more signs. Door-yard with one sunflower and six tomato cans. Waste paper scattered by the wind. Billboard announcing "The Horrors of Mortense, Opera House, Main Street." Coal yard. Hard coal dust. Soft coal dust. Pile of garbage with sniffing dog. Policeman. Goat.

One and One-quarter Miles Out.—Row of partially abandoned shacks, once intended to be "laborers' cottages." Street above grade, full of dust. Street below grade, full of mud. Man-hole and brick sewer outlet ten feet in air. Double row of bill-boards, with excellent acoustic properties as train passes. Factory burning soft coal in violation of city ordinances. Smoke.

One Mile Out.—Sign with the cheering news that it is but "One Mile to the Beehive Bargain Bazaar." The Eagle Hotel, Wines and Liquors. Railroad street crossing: "Flag man on duty between the hours of 7 a.m. and 7 p.m. only." Rear of bakery, with overturned tubs of eggshells. Rear of grocery, with piles of boxes. Rear of fruiterer's with scattering of retired (but not pensioned) fruit. Assortment of back yards, all equally unedifying. Wash out on line. Man beating carpet. Dust. Pigeons. Cats. Mud.

One-half Mile Out.—Bill-boards. Deep cut. Clanging bell. Brushing porter. Closing windows. Tunnel opening. Darkness. Oblivion.

"Main Street station! Main Street!"

Mr. Archbold can sympathize with Colonel Roosevelt. He, too, wrote letters.

"This is a pretty good old world to live in, after all, and nobody should try to quit it." —Chauncey M. Depew.

A change of mind since the life-insurance upheaval ten years ago.

When I was fifteen years old I went to Chicago with a carload of hogs. —Elbert Hubbard.

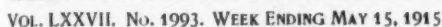
Done up very Roycroftie, of course, and sent to the elect on suspicion.

As a "muckraker," William M. Ivins is well up in the class with Lincoln Steffens.

"Sing Sing should be a house of punishment, not a house of mirth." —Magistrate Corrigan.

What! Why, its very name suggests a cabaret show.

Quoth the Sultan addressing Prince Youssouf: "I am tired of reigning and should be very happy if you could succeed me immediately." Revise simile to read: "As happy as an ex-king."



PUCK feels that it is time to call to the attention of certain of our American citizens a danger in their attitude toward our common country. The anti-German press of the United States has been at some pains to point out over and over again the wickedness of everything German—almost of everyone with even a German name. From this point of view PUCK frankly differs. The American who says that he wishes honestly to be neutral in this war, maintains a point of view with which we have sincere sympathy. We feel it therefore peculiarly proper that we should call to the attention of these Americans the danger of going too far in their position. In so far as they wish to be absolutely neutral, and consequently deprecate the attitude of many of their fellow-citizens and particularly of the press of the country in its anti-German mania, we not only comprehend them, but we stand by and support them. But when they go so far as secretly, or even worse, openly, to object to the attitude of our government, to speak slightly of the attitude of our President and his Cabinet, to insinuate that some of our national actions show a tendency to be favorable to England, then



A political cartoon by G. B. Smith. In the center, Uncle Sam, wearing his iconic top hat with stars and stripes and a suit, is shaking hands with a man in a dark suit and tie. To the left, a group of men in military uniforms, some with medals, are cheering and raising their fists. To the right, a man in a top hat and a man in a military uniform are looking on. The cartoon is signed 'G. B. Smith' in the bottom right corner.

"We can sympathize with each other, old man"

overstep the course not only of good taste and of courtesy, but of decency and honor. They leave themselves open to the very grave charge of disloyalty. They encourage the accusation from which PUCK has always been the first to defend them—of an un-American spirit.

The mixed population of our country is, or should be, a source of strength. The varied races which go to make up the American people represent so many phases of political conviction, so many strata of social environment, that we of all peoples are given a peculiar opportunity of hearing and understanding every side of a national question. This gives us, or should give us, as a people, broadness of vision such as no country with a population of single, homogeneous stock and origin can hope to have. So far, diversity of views in the American people is a source of strength. But carried to the point of factional bitterness, these differences of opinion engender a smouldering resentment that is as despicable as it is dangerous. The whole idea of a united America, of "liberty and union" is threatened. This is the condition

against which we must guard our opinions and our expressions of opinions on international questions to-day. Our individual differences of viewpoint are a source of strength to the country, are a real evidence of true democracy so long as, pulling in every direction, they prevent us from rushing headlong into anyone. But carried to the point where our individual differences seem more important than our common agreements, where the personal bias outweighs the American spirit, the result is a danger to all of those American institutions to which every one of us is devoted.

In a time of great stress like this, the President and his Cabinet are bound to commit acts that are open to misinterpretation. But should our American citizens, whatever the country of their origin, admit—nay, even allow the thought to cross their minds—that in case of an international war in which we might be involved they would be inclined to side with the country of their previous home rather than with the United States, the country of their chosen home, they are guilty of treasonable thought? They are themselves the worst argument against admitting to our shores and to our citizenship the peoples of every country. They are themselves a refutation of the whole principle of American democracy.



By HY MAYER

HE STANDS BETWEEN LOVE AND DUTY



SPRING MILLINERY

THE PLATONIC BOOK-LOVER

A book is a shelf-ornament intended to bespeak culture. Two hundred books, tastefully displayed in bookcases, justify your calling your lounging-room "the library," and establish your reputation as a patron of literature.

(By books, I do not mean such things as Christmas editions of "Snowbound" and "Hiawatha," with a sentimental illustration for every couplet, nor the weak-backed, chamois-wrapped anomalies that emanate from East Aurora, nor the wistful presentation copies bestowed upon you by poet acquaintances—all such table-cumberers are as removed from this category as are the novels you read for pleasure. I refer only to volumes which you speak of in a self-conscious tone as "my books.")

A good book is a man's best friend—and apologist. With Shakespeare on your shelves, you can haunt the vaudeville theatre with impunity. With ten volumes of the life of Samuel Johnson installed where they may be seen but



A JOB FOR LIFE

O'KEEFE: My chauffeur used to drive for an English duke. No less.
McTAGGART: And ye'll hire such a man as that?
O'KEEFE: Any number of them! He all but killed his Dukelets and he smashed his car.

not read, you are free to peruse the sporting items about the lexicographer's African cousin Jack. With Keats and Shelley duly enshrined in morocco, no one will criticize your predilection for Mutt and Jeff.

In accumulating your library you have conscientiously sought the highest. That is why you have acquired "Spoofer's Collection of the World's Best Literature" and Bimble's "Thousand Best Orations" and the Parthenon Society's *de luxe* "Anthology of Immortal Gems" (printed on vellum and sold on nerve)—each best selection being headed by a note telling when the writer was born and why this sample of him happened to appeal to the editor, and incidentally giving you to understand that the editor has a wide knowledge of belles lettres, or, at least, a good encyclopedia.

There is something beautiful about your reverence for the great authors. For example, you believe with an implicit, childlike faith that "Paradise Lost" is the most sublime poem in the English language; no presumptuous familiarity with Milton is needed to convince you of it. Again, if anyone insinuates to you that Burns' private life was not all it should have been, you admit the charge with solemn headshakings, but affirm that you forgive the bard for the sake of his incomparable works; yet, the pages of your "Burns" are discreetly uncut, and your understanding of the Scotch dialect is limited to the expressions *hoo mon*, *bonnie lassie*, and *auld lang syne*. And you will agree with the book-agent who appeals to you "as a man of discrimination," that Gibbon's "Rome" is a "masterly work," that it is marvellous in its "grasp" and "scope"; yet, having purchased the set, you will go to your grave knowing less about the Roman Empire than about the petering out of the ping-pong craze.

You believe that Dante and Homer will last forever. If they don't, it will be through no fault of yours, for you keep them carefully under glass. Antiquities in the show cases of museums are not more securely treasured. Just as the monks of the Middle Ages preserved the classics for future generations, so you preserve these masters for future auctioneers.

Grand old writers; peace to their dust!

DRIFTED APART

On a New Haven railroad train, bound from New York to Boston, were two eminent American statesmen. They were not in the same car. Perhaps that fact was accidental. Each said, on leaving the train at Boston, that he did not know the other had traveled on the same train. The two eminent American statesmen were Colonel Theodore Roosevelt and Judge William H. Taft.

When a newspaper photographer approached Colonel Roosevelt with a suggestion that he and Judge Taft pose together for a picture, the Colonel is reported to have said, with some slight show of petulance: "Young man, don't be silly!" Very likely, had the photographer approached the Portly One he would have given a negation quite as firm, if indeed less petulant. For, to say the truth, the Portly One can take a joke, and the Dental One can not.

But what a sad instance of the mutations of life, of comradeships, those words of the colonel carry. "Young man, don't be silly!" And yet, but a few years since, the colonel wouldn't have spoken those harsh words. He would have posed. Nay, he would have placed his arm upon the shoulder of his friend Bill. He would have looked into Bill's eyes fondly, and Bill would have returned a sweet, simple, trustful glance. For those were the days when they were Damon and Pythias. Indeed, compared with them, D. & P. were quite estranged. They were chums. What was Theodore's was Bill's, and what was Bill's was Theodore's.

The common people, in the old days, looked upon that monumental friendship, and rejoiced. "Love like that," they said, "can never die." In the fret of hurrying peace, in the alarms of war, those two fond hearts could never sever. In the words of the Officer and Gentleman: "My friend Bill is bully!" In the words of the Stout Party: "I owe my all to the Colonel."

The bowl is shattered. Two hearts bleed silently. Damon has a grouch. Pythias proffers the icy hand. And they do not speak as they pass by.

UNFEELING

JUDGE: This is the tenth time you have come before me, Kelly!

PRISONER: I'm sorry, judge; but the cops don't seem to care how much work they make you.



THE WAR LORD AT WASHINGTON

Pluck



"GOOD-BYE PICCADILLY,
FAREWELL LEICESTER SQUARE."

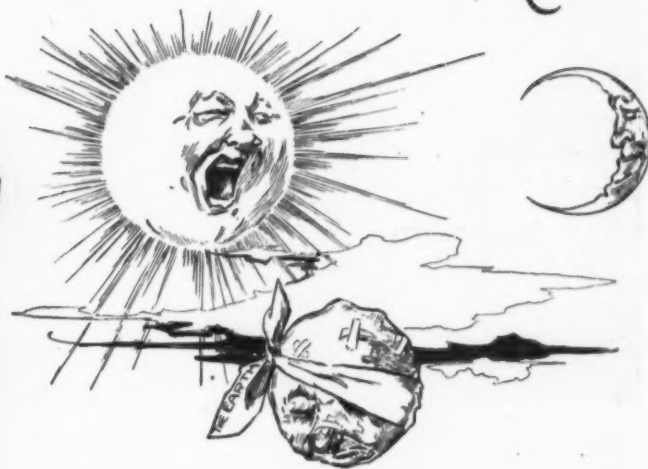


"WATCH YOUR STEP!"

HY-
MAYER



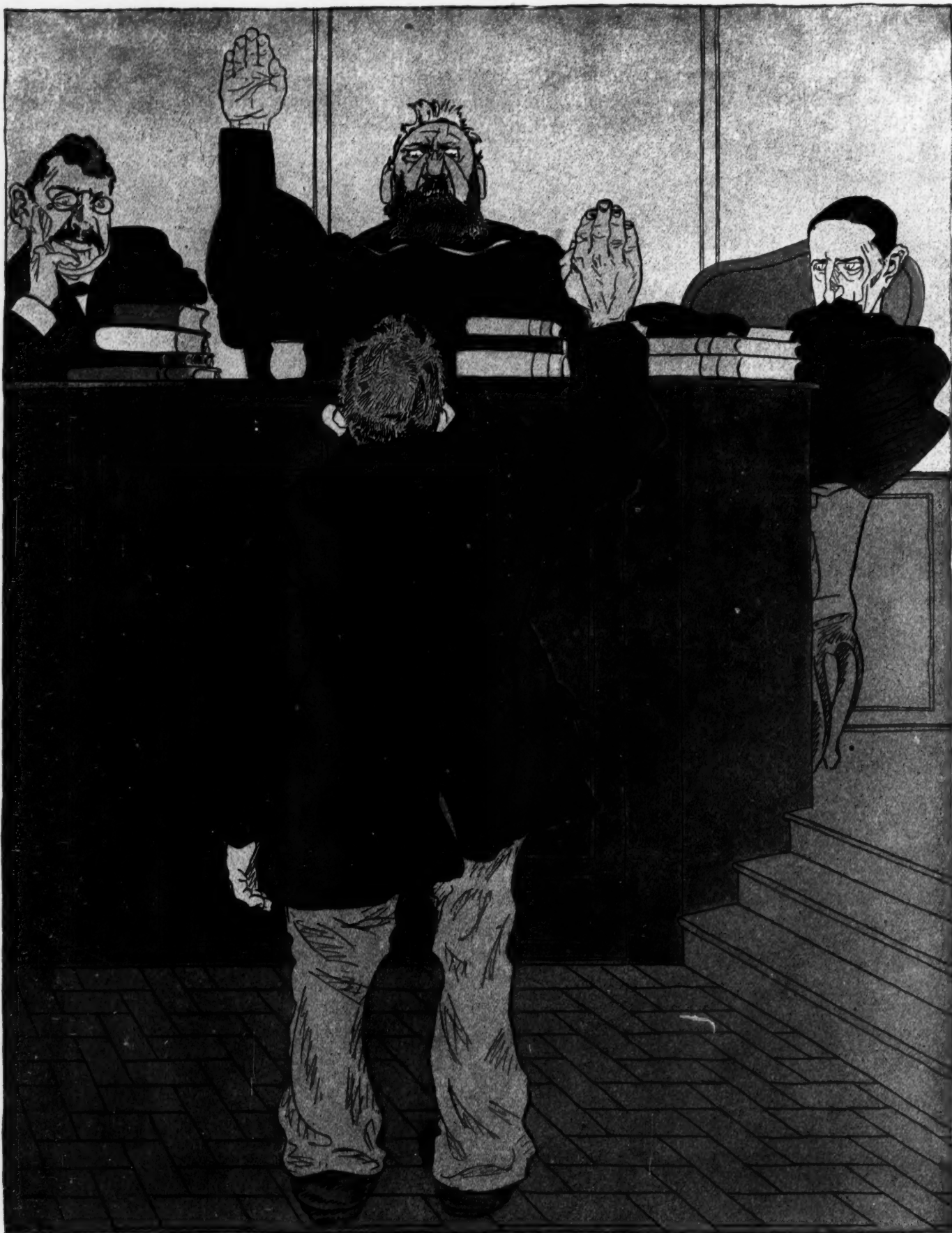
IF GENERAL VON PLUCK
WORE THE DECORATIONS
TO COVER THE WOUNDS
HE RECEIVES, ACCORDING
TO OUR DAILY PRESS -



THE SUN: "HEY, MOONSEY, AIN'T YE GLAD YOU'RE NEUTRAL?"

By HY MAYER

HYMAYEROGLYPHICS



DRAWN BY BLIX, OF MUNICH

THE DISSENTER

THE JUDGE: Raise your right hand and solemnly swear—
 THE WITNESS: But I don't believe in a god!
 THE JUDGE: No matter; so long as you believe in a jail.

Dignity is a species of wadding by means of which very small men are sometimes enabled to fill very large places.

On the New York sea of matrimony, the war zone is bounded by Thirty-ninth Street on the south, and Seventy-second Street on the north.

Fashion oppresses the few women who possess a personality for the benefit of the many who possess only a person.

On the Other Hand—

"What do I think of Mr. Sunday? I regard him with the utmost admiration and gratitude. You cannot put it too strongly. I consider him without exception the man of the hour."

The interviewer stared. "Your subterranean majesty," he said, "Mr. Sunday has been saying all sorts of harsh things about you."

The Other One laughed.

"My dear fellow, you must not judge by appearances. He's the best friend I have. At first sight you might think he's not quite the gentleman—"

"You've seen him?"

"Night before last at Paterson," said the Other. "One's first impression is of a man lacking in certain elements of repose. The temperature in the Tabernacle was rather high, owing to defective ventilation I presume, and Mr. Sunday took off his coat and collar and used his handkerchief more frequently than I am accustomed to. But what are first impressions? The man is sincere and he is human. Not at all a prig like that Italian poet who visited us some time ago. Yes, Dante. Very standoffish sort of person, and he walked through like a Cook's tourist in the Louvre. You smoke, of course."

"Don't you?"

"Never. Like Mr. Sunday, I find it prevents my keeping fit. Business being what it is, I consider it necessary to hold myself up to the highest pitch of efficiency. And even then it has been pretty hard going till recently."

"You believe prosperity is coming back?"

"I am convinced it is," said the Other. "That is what I meant by gratitude to Mr. Sunday. As a newspaper man I need not expatiate to you on the value of publicity."

"But the kind of publicity!" ventured the interviewer.

"What difference does that make? I am like the average book publisher. I don't give a hang whether you slate my book or puff it. What I cannot tolerate is indifference. When you ask if I am angry at Mr. Sunday, you—pardon my frankness—you amuse me. He is the only man in a generation who has given me my due."

"Once upon a time I had all the publicity I wanted. The churches and the hymn writers gave me columns of it. I have tons of press notices stored away in asbestos scrap books. But they are all pretty old. Forty years I should say. That fellow Darwin did for me. Before his time I got full credit for pretty nearly everything that went wrong and a good deal that I was not responsible for. Then came Darwin, evolution, humanitarianism, sociology,

and business went to —" He snatched up a lump of brimstone, crushed it between his fingers and threw it impatiently from him.

"I speak with feeling," he went on. "Can you blame me? At a blow I saw the reputation built up during several thousand years go to smash. I became the victim of a conspiracy of silence. I used to be a factor in everyday conversation. I was the centre of interest in sermons and poetry. All at once I became taboo. I was relegated to the comic journals and the vaudeville stage, where I was usually mentioned when somebody sat down on a hat. The serious people wouldn't recognize me. They were too busy talking about heredity. And if it wasn't heredity it was environment."

people used to ask what had gotten into the child. They knew of course. It was I, the Principle of Evil. Nowadays they cut out the child's tonsils. Once upon a time they took me seriously. They exorcised me. They prayed against me. They swung incense. Nowadays they sleep with open windows winter and summer, and take a cold shower. I was a Force of Nature and they reduced me to a symptom of indigestion.

"They stopped using incense against me and substituted bicarbonate of soda. They went further than that. Whenever they did mention me they even insisted on being nice, said I wasn't as black as I used to be painted, and that sort of rot. Some of the poets, the deca-

dent ones, went the limit and tried to make me out a spirit of good. Fortunately for me most of them ended in the insane asylum. Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Verlaine, Arthur Symons."

"Is there a 'd' in that?" said the interviewer, hesitating with pencil poised.

"No," said the Other, still absorbed in his own grief. "You'd imagine things couldn't be much worse, wouldn't you? But along came the war in Europe. Such fragments of a reputation as still clung to me disappeared."

"I was blanked, cast in the shade, ruined. Under the best of circumstances I should have had a pretty hard time holding my own against the cut-throat competition in Flanders and the Carpathians. As it was I didn't have the ghost of a chance. Nobody stopped to call me the father of lies with so many diplomats around."

"I was dwarfed by the forty-two centimetres and the asphyxiating bombs. Sometimes a war correspondent, describing the scenes in a field hospital, would be reminded of me. But do you think he ever mentioned my name? No sir; he featured General Sherman."

"And now?" said the interviewer, anticipating a return to the subject.

The Other grew quite radiant. His smile was contentment itself.

"Everything's all right now," he said. "Mr. Sunday has made me. The press notices are piling up. I am coming back into my own. They will be speaking about me in the Fifth Avenue pulpits soon."

Simeon Strunsky.

GOT ALL THE DETAILS

"How does Jones know so much about automobiles?"

"Just by listening; he was a bartender for years."



HIS NEW WARHORSE

Once upon a time if a man killed his rival or robbed his neighbor everybody knew whom to blame. Me. It was a heavy burden of responsibility but I accepted it as being all in the day's work. Nowadays when a man shoots you in the back the only difference of opinion is whether the act was due to a congenital astigmatism of the right eye in his mother's family or to a defective water supply. My historic position has been rapidly undermined by the scientists. Between heredity and environment there's been the devil to pay."

"Your dark majesty—" began the interviewer, but the Other was in the full swing of his grievance.

"Take the question of children," he said. "Whenever anything went wrong at the breakfast table or when company was in the house



THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by DANA BURNET

Illustrations by MERLE JOHNSON

Two thousand pipes went off to France
To aid the May offensive;
Sir Whitman, so the rumors say,
Is feeling somewhat pensive.
The Sick Man of the East declared
That he would put his crutch up;
P. Villa's dash
Is succotash,
And Holland has her Dutch up.

The Germans say that they can make
Their butter out of flowers—
If such is so we'll can the cow
And cultivate our bowers.
Brazil contains a flying man—
They say he's quite angelic;
Barnes caught a Moose
In Syracuse,
And Arras is a relie.

A French philosopher observed,
While visiting this section,
That husbands in America
Were models of perfection.*
The Open Door in China seems
Quite squeaky on its hinges;
The Summer maid
Will be arrayed,
In amber beads and fringes.

*Business of blushing.

The Bell that tolled for Liberty
Uncorked a few vibrations,
So nearby phonographs could tin
Its tintinnabulations.
Sir Zimbalist, of fiddling fame,
Is ours without a hyphen;
King George's choice
Has stilled the voice
Of Britain's joyous siphon.

A trunk has been invented which,
When opened with composure,
Becomes a Summer bungalow
With hot and cold exposure.
Columbia's curriculum
Will soon include the gridiron;
The Kaiser's drive
Did not arrive—
He'll have to use his midiron.

Chas. Murphy's tiger, Tammany,
Whose pelt seems badly bitten,
Has planned to change its habitat
And gambol as a kitten.
Trained snapping turtles now are used
To clip cigars at dinner;
The Baseball breed
Have all agreed,
That ———* will be the winner.

*Fill in according to personal preference.



A lady placed a golf links on
The roof of her pagoda; •
The open season now impends
For milk frappes and soda.
A bill was passed to ban the use
Of gambling apparatus—
No more the fair
May dye their hair,
And tint their cheeks to bait us!



THE SAVANT AND THE SEX

ARGUMENT.—It is to be a gala evening in your humble home, for has not the aged and eminent Professor McNabb, LL.D., promised on this occasion to grace your apartments and help devour sundry of the viands which even now the dusky handmaiden is putting upon the table? Surely so. The Prof., who knows more about English poetry than any other six human beings put together, hates Wordsworth and loves Burns. If you want to please him say that Wordsworth is an overrated ass and that Burns is the first clear note after Chaucer. If you want to make him red in the wattles suggest that old W. W. has some merits even if he isn't interesting.

YOU (as excited as a manager before the curtain raises on the first night of a production): Now, remember, don't even mention Wordsworth because he hates Wordsworth. But fake something graceful about Burns. Wasn't your grandmother Scotch?

SHE (meditating): No, one was German and the other was Irish. I do believe those flowers would look better on the mantel. Yes, I am sure they would.

YOU: Well, frame up something—anything. Say we're both crazy to go abroad and tramp through the Burns country next summer. That will make a big hit with him. He's crazy about Burns.

THE MAID: A gemmen at the do'.

YOUR WIFE: I'm sure they'd look better on the mantel. Quite positive. Did you say Wordsworth or Burns?

YOU (hissing): Burns! Burns! BURNS!

YOUR WIFE: I think I'll leave them on the table after all.

THE MAID: This way, suh.

YOU (imitating glad surprise): Well, well, well, Professor! It's surely good of you to be with us. I felt that perhaps you wouldn't care to venture out in the storm.

THE PROFESSOR (poetically): What's a wee bit o' wind to a man from the heather? Do you remember in Tam O'Shanter—

YOUR WIFE (eagerly; she is most charming when she is eager): That's one of Wordsworth's, isn't it? You know, Professor, I just dote on Wordsworth.

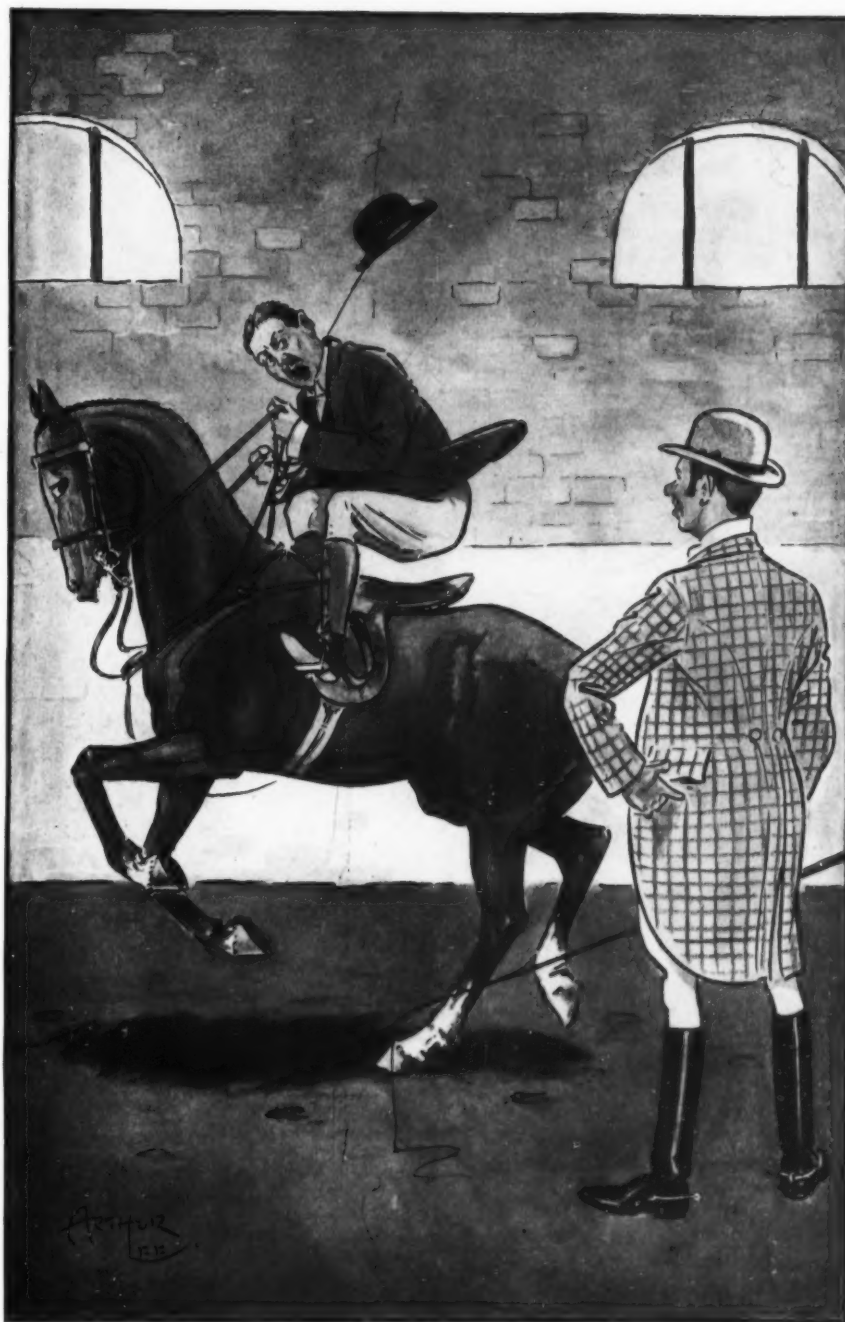
THE PROFESSOR (plainly startled): Ah—you do you?

YOUR WIFE (the unfortunate woman thinks she is saying the right thing): Yes, George and I are simply crazy about Wordsworth. We're going abroad next year to take a pedestrian trip all through the dear country where Wordsworth wrote his poems. Oh, we just worship Wordsworth!

(She looks up at him appealingly. If only he weren't a misogynist! You listen unable to move—just as you might stand paralyzed in the path of a cyclone.)



A BILLY SUNDAE



A LITTLE MIXED

BROWN (who is more used to motor-cars): Here, I say! Confound it! Which one of these reins works the brake?

THE PROFESSOR (staring the poor woman through and through): M-m-m-m-ah—

YOUR WIFE (with a gesture that shows the beautiful curves of her arms to the best advantage): Wordsworth is the only real poet the world has had since Chaucer—don't you think?

THE PROFESSOR (sinking into the nearest chair but still staring): Eh-h-h-h!

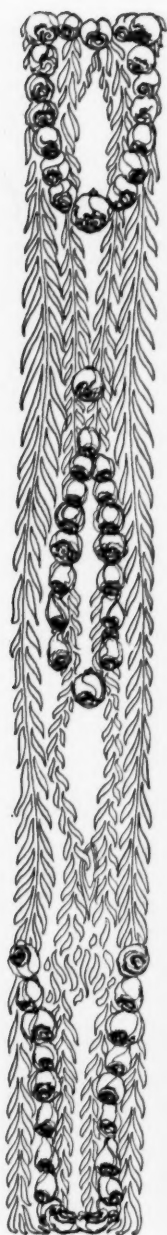
YOUR WIFE (looking like a composite photograph of Bonnie Lesley, Highland Mary, Jean, Clarinda, and the rest): And we can't stand Burns, either of us, we just hate Burns. Don't we, George?

THE PROFESSOR (strangely unassertive): Well, I've always said I'd rather hear one good strong honest opinion than a dozen wishy-washy, drizzling, mizzling compromises. But (wistfully),

I wish you'd let me read you a little Burns. (From his coat-tail pocket he produces a small worn volume.)

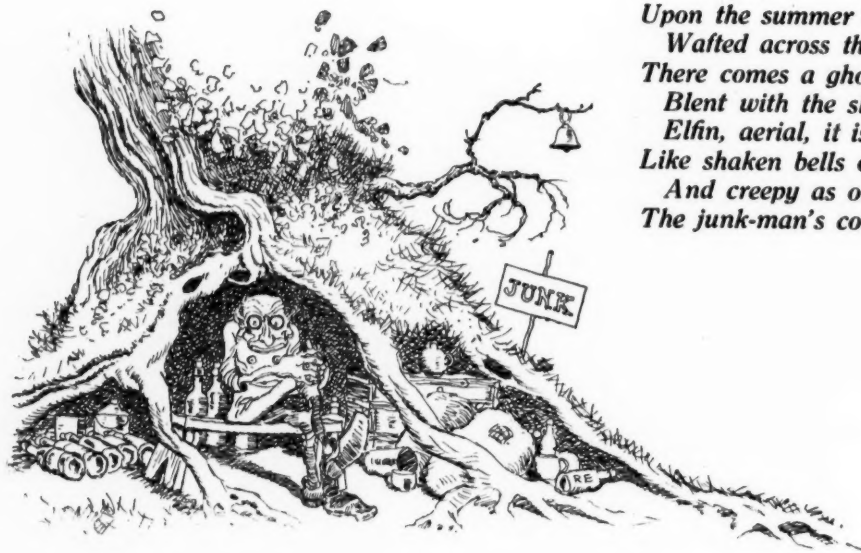
What do you know about it? The Professor is supposed to be the greatest interpreter of Burns in the United States. He was once asked to read at a White House gathering and refused because a certain member of the Cabinet present had once made a remark derogatory to the great Scotch poet. And here he is reeling it off by the page to Your Wife, who sits there with her best spellbound expression, because she realizes that she has mixed things. All of which proves that Savants are human just the same as folks, and that a pretty woman in the hand is worth two in a poem.





Ballade of the Junk

By Richard Le Gallienne Painting.

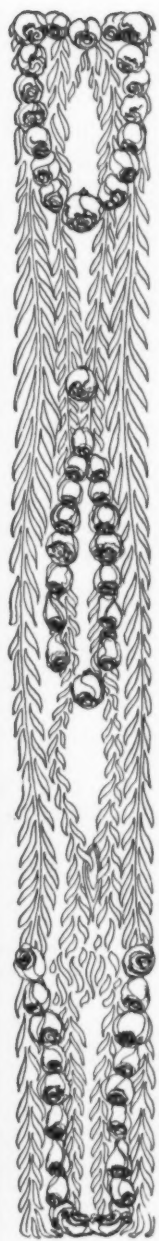
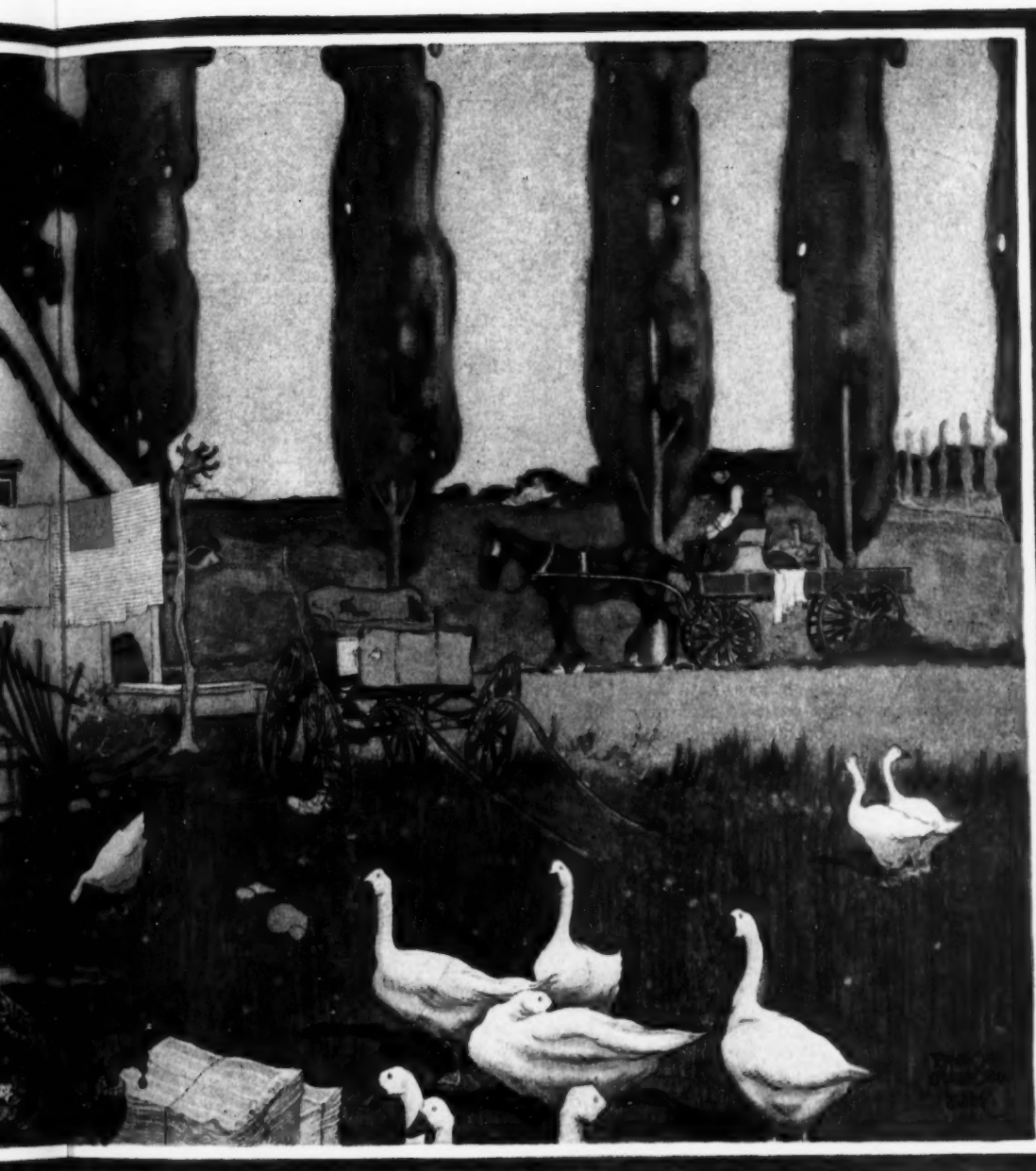


Upon the summer afternoon,
 Wafted across the orchard trees,
 There comes a ghostly traveling tune,
 Blent with the sleepy drone of bees;
 Elfin, aerial, it is,
 Like shaken bells of silver rain,
 And creepy as old melodies—
 The junk-man's coming down the lane.

The ancient hat, the worn-out shoe,
 The broken-hearted fineries,
 The yellowed news, dead as the moths,
 The rust, the rubbish and the loaves,
 The tarnished trophies of gallantries,
 Gone to the moth—this clouded coffer,
 This buckle brave—for such as I,
 The junk-man's coming down the

ENVOI

Prince, 'tis a thought our veins to
 Time doth all hallowed things pass
 And toss about the centuries—
 The junk-man's coming down the



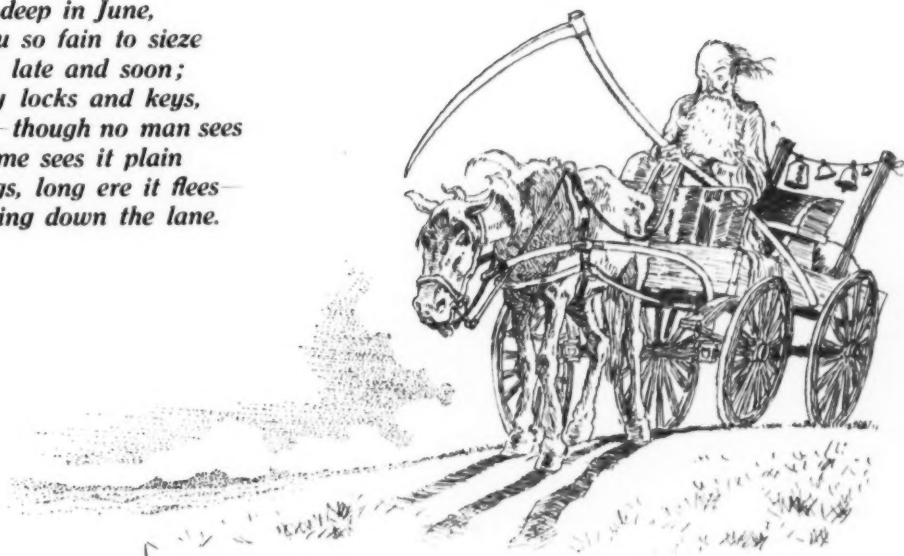
the Junk Man Steen Painting, by Raymond Ever

at, the worn-out shoon,
-hearted fineries,
news, dead as the moon,
he rubbish and the lees;
ed trophy, gallantries
moth—this clouded cane,
brave—for such as these
n's coming down the lane.

O thou that woorest, deep in June,
Hearken! and thou so fain to sieze
Joy, and to hoard it, late and soon;
Thou lord of many locks and keys,
Thick lies the dust—though no man sees
Upon thy dream; Time sees it plain
On the bright wings, long ere it flees—
The junk-man's coming down the lane.

ENVOI

thought our veins to freeze:
all hallowed things profane,
out the centuries—
man's coming down the lane.



Ruck

THE SEVEN ARTS BY JAMES HUNEKER



Ibsen

It was a misfortune for Henrik Ibsen that he was discovered by the Ibsenites—that is, in America and England. In this misfortune he kept company with Browning and Meredith. There are dark places in the heart of every poet, yet one doubts that these obscurities should be hailed as illuminations. Poor Daddy Ibsen's plays were long ago seized on by the propagandists; at first the politicians, then the individualists, then the women in search of a message. Since "Doll's House" the women have cooled off a little in their devotion. Henrik, at a public banquet in Christiania, told them that their place was in the home (shade of Nora Helmer!), that he was primarily interested in them, as he was interested in men, as human beings, not because of their sex. But the mystery-mongers refused to let go, and a huge literature has accumulated dealing with the meanings of the poet, when, in reality, his chief significance lies in his power as a dramatist, that is, in his power of character creation and dramatic construction. Technically, he stems from France; the influence of Scribe is unmistakable, as on another side is the influence of Dumas fils. The only mystery is the fact that in America his works are the prey of the "gifted amateur," instead of being in the repertory of every first class theatre, as they are in the repertory of every first and second class theatre on the continent. Never has the vogue of the Norwegian dramatist been greater in Europe, and it is not exhibited sporadically. He figures on the play-plans of all theatres with Shakespeare and Moliere. In Berlin, Munich, Milan, Amsterdam, Paris, Rome, Brussels, Geneva, even in Madrid, I have attended Ibsen performances, some excellent, some mediocre, a few remarkable, for he is a dramatist whose plays do not always demand dazzling histrionic virtuosity. So much for his present status abroad. But with us—there's the rub. He steadily refuses to become acclimated. I remember twenty-five years ago fighting in the critical trenches for such pieces as "An Enemy of the People," "Doll's House," and other simple dramatic problems. Snobbishly following the fashion in London set by the late Clement Scott, certain New York critics harped on the old "immoral" string. Ibsen immoral! Then so is Lewis Carroll and Martin Tupper. What a lot of uncritical balderdash gets into print. Worse followed when the unhappy man fell into the critical clutches of the college professor. Exegesis quite slew him, and a great world-force was corralled by the highbrows.

To-day he is played with all the vivacity of an undertaker at a preacher's funeral. Every phrase is, seemingly, packed with esoteric meaning—in reality, his dialogue has no rival in the matter of naturalness, but, thanks to the wooden translations and the silly itching to discover strange symbols in his speech, we are surrounded by an atmosphere of gloom and apathy. Instead of being played at a brisk tempo, the players utter their lines as if the earth were on the verge of dissolution. Some such thoughts were unescapable at the recent performance of "John Gabriel Borkman," in the Forty-eighth Street Theatre. The title role was in the hands of a great artist, Emanuel Reicher, but his support would have snowed under a choir of archangels.

"John Gabriel Borkman"

"John Gabriel Borkman" is a prodigious dramatic figure, a second Mercadet, fashioned by a Balzac of the theatre. There is in the play logical, well-knit construction; there is an unflinching criticism of life—the criticism of a man who began life as a poet and ends it as a realist; there is strange power, unpleasant power, a meagre, yet unquestionable intensity; and character-drawing that is just short of the marvelous. That Ibsen chose his characters from the world about him—a narrow, provincial, cold, hard world—is but a commentary on his truth-loving adherence to his principle of realism. The curious part of this trait is the resemblance his bourgeois people bear to the bourgeois of every civilized country. He is universal, because he knows so well his own parish. This is not an attempt at a paradox. The play is of great power, of a frugal, constructive beauty, and in it there sounds faintly, yet distinctly, the antique note. There is also something of a Hamlet situation in the position of the young man who might have won back the kingdom of his father, but, like a modern Hamlet, solves the knotty problem by going away to Paris—any place far away from the bleak northern world where, in a gloomy house, lived his

father, an ex-banker, ex-convict, his mother, a soured fanatic, and his old-maid aunt, a half-crazy idealist. The story is simple in its processional power. Read it. But, like all of Ibsen, it plays better than it reads. The character of the ruined magnate is magnificent in its desolation. As played by Reicher—and in English, an unfamiliar tongue to him—the man lived before us, suffered, and died. In Germany it is accounted one of his greatest roles, this "John Gabriel Borkman" of Emanuel Reicher's. No

wonder. The last time I saw him in Berlin he played with incomparable humor and humanity the part of an elderly idealist in Herman Bahr's new comedy, "The Principle," with Else Lehmann as fun-loving cook. It is rather late in the day to discover the genius of Reicher—whose children, Hedwig and Frank, are ornaments of the American stage. But he might as well have acted alone for all his associates mattered. One only had any sense of characterization—Roland Young, as the old clerk with the poetical obsession.

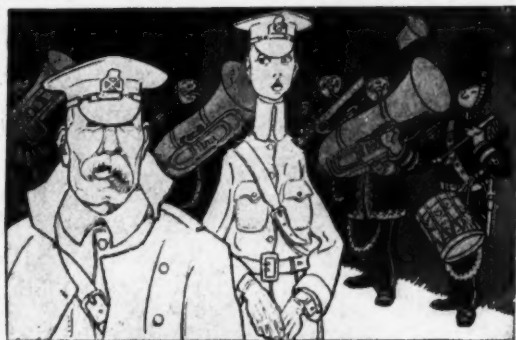
At the song recital of Julia Heinrich, in Aeolian Hall, I stayed from the first number to the ultimate encore. And this was a pleasure, not a task imposed by a sense of critical duty. I had missed her first recital, and, with it, I believe, a better planned programme; but I am a lover of Brahms, and I could easily have dispensed with the French group on this second programme, though Miss Heinrich sang superlatively well "Apres un reve," by G. Faure. I fancy Brahms suits her grave reflective style better than, say, Debussy; yet so versatile is the American singer that it is mere cavilling to ask for more. One other thing I noted—the absence of the dramatic, rather, the operatic, in this song scheme, for which I breathed easier. When I go to a Lieder recital I like to hear Lieder, not excerpts from opera, though I suspect that Julia Heinrich has in her the dramatic leaven; she would not be a leading soprano at the Hamburg Opera, Germany, as she was till the war rudely intervened, nor, by the same token, would she be the daughter of Max Heinrich, himself the most dramatic Lieder singer of his generation. She sang Schumann, Robert Franz, Richard Strauss, Faure, Debussy, Bachelet, some old English songs by Carey, Arne, and two songs by Max Heinrich—who presided at the keyboard, accompanying her in his accustomed incomparable style. Heinrich, as a composer, was new to me. I liked best his second song, "Autumn Eve," the lyric evocation of a tiny autumnal landscape, full of veiled melancholy; possibly because it was repeated I preferred it to his "Dreams," the words of which are not as poetic in sentiment as the "Autumn Eve." But both songs are in the best tradition of sound German Lieder. I was agreeably disappointed in the quality of Julia Heinrich's organ. I had heard her described as an artist of the first rank, one who made much of her rather mediocre vocal material; on the contrary, I found something to criticize in her readings, even in her tone-production—particularly the upper register—while her voice proved to be rich, velvety in the middle, admirably controlled in shading, and very musical; indeed, she has the musical temperament in a rare degree. She never resorts to trickery of the sort we notice in some singers. Serious, reposeful, her utterances charged with genuine eloquence, she sang some of her numbers with a complete expression of their poetry, of their deep musical meanings. She has charm. She has flexibility of mood. She does not—as yet—take the heaven of song by storm, rather does she woo her hearers. In "Moonlight," the "Young Nun," and several of the Strauss Lieder, she gave us unalloyed artistic joy. Perhaps, as far as fulness and fruitiness of tone, her singing of "Annie Laurie" was the best of the afternoon. Julia Heinrich has brains and voice, and if the vision is not as imaginative as it might be, it is because Max Heinrich has set a pace for her—as he once did for all Lieder singers—that is very trying. She has (not a minor detail) an interesting personality, and is evidently destined to make a career in music-drama. She will go far.

Although "L'Amore del tre Re," the opera by Italo Montemezzi, was produced last season at the Metropolitan Opera House, I did not see it until its last performance this season. I had just been reading Lawrence Gilman's estimate of the work, in his new book of music criticism—reviewed in last week's

Italo Montemezzi

(Continued on page 20)

PEN AND INK SHRAPNEL FROM THE FIRING LINE



From Simplicity (Munich)
THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE FRONT
"How does one know whether one has won a battle or not, Mr. French? Who acts as umpire?"



From London Opinion
THE POTSDAM PIPE



From London Punch
JUST BETWEEN FRIENDS
GERMAN SENTRY: Who goes there?
TURK: A friend—curse you!



From Pile of the Illegals
SUNDAY MORNING IN THE TRENCHES
A German soldier's letter home says: "We are getting grander all the time. Now we even have London and Paris barbers and bath masters to make us comfortable."



From Kikeriki (Vienna)
THE TROUBLES OF JOHN BULL
Zepps overhead, submarines beneath, where shall he flee?



From London Mirror
THE WILLIES' QUICK-CHANGE POSES



From London Sketch
OFF SCOTLAND
GERMAN PERISCOPE: Ach, Himmel! Dot must be der beautiful Ben Nevis of vich we 'ave 'eard so much.

WHY YOUNG EDITORS ARE OLD

THE EDITORIAL

"At this time every citizen should support the President. His position is most difficult, as complications of the most delicate nature are constantly arising which call for his careful and undivided attention. The welfare of this country should at all times stand first in the hearts of its citizens regardless of whether their sympathies are with Germany, Great Britain, France, or any other nation."

A Few Sample Communications Received by the Editor in Next Day's Mail:

"I must protest against your outrageous attack on England! Your underhanded reference to 'complications' shows that you are only a tool of Germany, as also does your mention of Great Britain *after* Germany in your editorial. I have read your paper for sixty-four years, but will never allow it in my home again!"

"I have said for a long time that your dirty sheet is supported by British gold, and after reading your last editorial I am sure of it. Every word you print shows your hatred of Germany, especially your reference to the 'difficult' position of the President. We all know where *he* stands! But we are not afraid of the whole world, and we will win in spite of you!"

"I never write to the papers, but now I feel I must say a few words. My mother was a Swiss and my father a Spaniard and I was born in Iceland, so I am neutral if anyone is! Your fear of England shows in every line you write! Per-

fidious Albion may scare you but she can't scare me and *heaps* of my friends!"

"I desire to ask you the following sixteen questions: . . . etc. . . . And I want to say in conclusion that your insult to Russia, by not mentioning her in your editorial of yesterday, is the most stupid action I have ever come across in my whole life, but I suppose it pleased your German readers."

"France has always been a friend of this country and I simply cannot understand why you say such awful things about her. I did not read your editorial but my brother told me *all* about it! I suppose you are afraid of losing your German subscribers. I know you will not publish this letter, but I felt I had to write it!"

"As an American citizen born in the U. S. A., I must say a word about your spineless attitude in our international affairs. We have got to show the world that the Stars and Stripes mean something, and that those who insult the old flag do so at their peril! Where is the Spirit of '76? Be men in your editorial policy, not jellyfish!"

"I am an American citizen, born near Boston, and as one of your oldest readers I feel entitled to offer a word of advice . . . etc. So I therefore think that the wise policy is to say as little as possible about the terrible condition of affairs in Europe. We simply must keep out of it, but there is little chance of so doing if our foremost journals advocate violent methods. I was astonished when my nephew told me of the arbitrary attitude assumed by your paper!"



SPRING'S FIRST ZEPHYR

— As it might be described by Gertrude Stein

They're all loose. They're all loose. Not one is loose. Not one poor one lonesome one is loose. All of them are loose. Pitifully all are loose.

They are not tight. None of them is tight. Therefore they are all loose. Loose as ashes. Loose as morals. Loose as soup. Loose as rain drops.

Are ashes loose? Are morals loose? Are rain drops loose? Is soup loose? Yes, they are all loose. They have to be loose. They have to fall apart like loose things. Even words are loose—these words are loose.

Laughter is loose. Laughter is loose even when it's tight. It's the only thing that is loose when it's tight. Let's let laughter loose. Then it will be looser than ever.

Nuts are loose. Big nuts and little nuts are loose. They rattle in their shells. Some of them rattle in their cells. Let's all be nutty.

Loose, all is loose. Opera capes are loose. The holes in Swiss cheese are loose. If they ever get together there will be no cheese. No Swiss. Cheese it! Old houses have china ear-taps over keyholes; they, too, are loose.

Gee, but this is loose. The compositor has run out of o's. Yes, they're all loose, the teeth of the winter gale.

THE POETESS

*She heard a wise mortal declare it,
She breathlessly heard him aver:
"Great poems are writ in a garret."
It made an impression on her.*

*A hint, it was, all that she needed;
She flew to the garret and then
With trophies and pillows proceeded
To fix up a beautiful den.*

*A nice den with no one to share it—
She scatters ink over the sheets,
And writes poems up in a garret,
Like Chatterton, Villon, and Keats.*

EXPLAINED

WILLIE (reading the boxing news): Pa, what does this mean: "He was a glutton for punishment"?

PAPA: It refers to one of these fellows who says his forty years of married life seem but as a day.

When all other subjects of conversation are exhausted we can still talk about the virtues of our neighbors.



ENOUGH IS TOO MUCH

MARS, THE NEWSBOY: Wuxtra! Latest wuxtra! Terrible battle!
AMERICAN: Oh, take it away. I'm sick of that stuff.

DICKENS, NON-ALCOHOLIC

From "Pickwick Papers"

"Upon this, Mr. Pickwick smiles with great good humor, and, drawing a shilling from his waistcoat pocket, begs the guard to drink his health in a glass of hot malted milk; at which the guard smiles too, and Messrs. Snodgrass, Winkle and Tupman all smile in company. The guard and Mr. Weller disappear for five minutes—most probably to get the hot malted milk, for they smell very strongly of it when they return."

* * *

"Is anything the matter with Mr. Snodgrass, sir?" inquired Emily, with great anxiety.

"Nothing the matter, ma'am," replied the stranger. "Cricket dinner—glorious party—capital songs—lemon phosphate—root beer—good, very good—moxie, ma'am—moxie."

"It wasn't the moxie," murmured Mr. Snodgrass, in a broken voice. "It was the salmon." (Somehow or other, it never is the moxie in these cases.)

From "A Tale of Two Cities"

"And now we have done, Sydney, fill a bumper of milk and seltzer," said Mr. Stryver.

* * *

In a quarter of an hour, Monseigneur was ready, and sat down alone to his sumptuous and choice supper. His chair was opposite to the window, and he had taken his soup, and was raising his glass of pineapple sundae to his lips, when he put it down.

* * *

"Have the goodness to give me a little glass of orangeade and a mouthful of cool, fresh water, madame."

Madame complied with a polite air.

"Marvelous orangeade this, madame!"

From "Martin Chuzzlewit"

"Oh, Todgers could do it when he chose! Mind that. Then more beer came on; root beer and birch beer; and a large china bowl of pink lemonade, brewed by the gentleman of a convivial turn, who adjured the Misses Pecksniff not to be despondent on account of its dimensions, as there were materials in the house for the concoction of half a dozen more of the same size."

* * *

"Nobody ever dreamed such soup as was put upon the table directly afterward, or such fish; or such side dishes; or such a top and bottom, or such a course of birds and sweets; or, in short, anything approaching the reality of that entertainment at ten and sixpence a head, exclusive of soft drinks. As to them, who can dream such iced tea, such sarsaparilla, grape juice and fermillac, had better go to bed and stop there."

From "Nicholas Nickleby"

"David," said Brother Ned.

"Sir," replied the Butler.

"A magnum of raspberry phosphate, David, to drink the health of Mr. Linkinwater."

* * *

"Dinnot say a word till thou'st droonk it a'! Oop wi' it, Mun. Ding! but I'm reeght glod to see thee."

Adapting his action to his text, John dragged Nicholas into the kitchen, forced him down upon a huge settle beside a blazing fire and poured out from an enormous bottle about a quarter of a pint of egg chocolate.



DRAWN AT A PERSONAL INTERVIEW
BY M. DEZAYAS

RICHARD STRAUSS

We introduce Richard the Second, successor to Richard the First of Lohengrin fame. Richard the Second is a modern impressionist. Some people say he is a futurist. Certainly, as every good modernist, he finds beauty in discords, in shrill inharmonious sounds. Richard the Second is a witch of music. He makes you laugh with "Till Eulenspiegel," when he plays his merry pranks on pious citizens and learned professors. There is a well-trained donkey, too, and you can hear him in the orchestra braying "y-a, y-a." There are sheep, too, to be heard in Richard the Second's "Don Quixote." There are babies crying in his "Symphonica Domestica." He gives us a taste of what dying means in "Tod und Verklarung," and after hearing this symphony you are not apt to enjoy your supper.

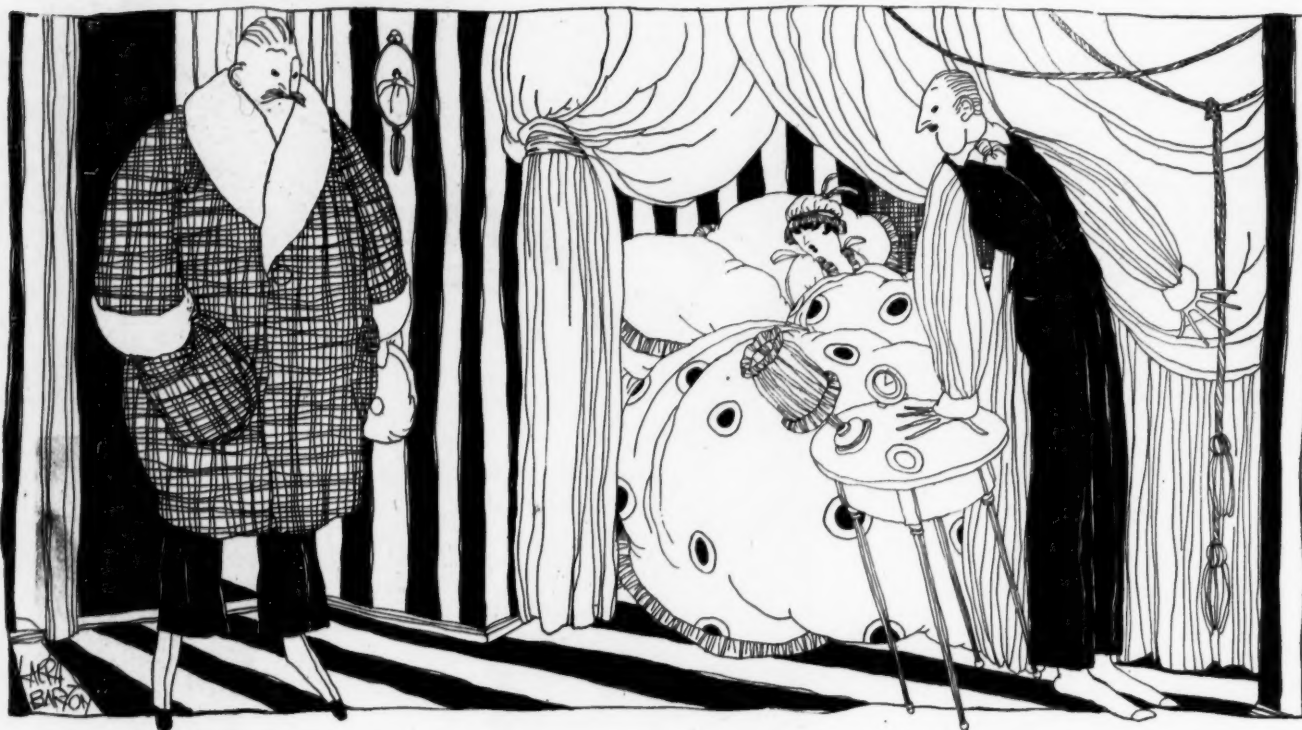
Of course, Richard the Second is most famous for his operas "Salome" and "Elektra." The critics were somewhat surprised at watching Salome hopping around with a dead prophet's head on a silver platter. But that was nothing compared to their shock when they listened to the horrid shrieks of Elektra's mother when she is being butchered behind the scene, and the daughter dances madly from one corner of the stage to the other in the violet-greenish light of a Reinhardt stage setting, whilst the violins and cellos squeal and the stuffed horns howl infernal tunes and the cymbals are beaten with a leather whip.

Richard the Second was born in Munich, June 11, 1864. He is the Chief Conductor of the famous Philharmonic Orchestra in Berlin and of the Royal Opera House, and is generally recognized as not only the originator, but the greatest master of the modern technique in music.

The Puppet Shop

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Illustrations by RALPH BARTON



FARCE.—The theory that it's awfully funny to be caught in another man's wife's bedroom.

Ready for the Tomb

The critical tomb announces that it is now ready to receive—and to hold for good and all in the last resting place—the following already long overdue corpses:

1. "Of course, being a vaudeville dramatic sketch, there was the usual red grate. . . ."
2. "The telephone played its usual big part in the play."
3. The "word music" of Shakespeare.
4. "When will American actors begin to realize that clear enunciation is possibly a necessary adjunct of their art."
 - 4a. "Their art."
 - 4b. "art."
5. "The adaptation has succeeded in emasculating the play."
6. "Her singing voice, if a bit off the key at times, was rich and full."
7. "Public taste."
8. "The actors seemed thoroughly to be enjoying themselves in their roles."
9. "Pecksniffian."
10. "Cliche."
11. "A typical 'silly ass' part."
12. "Realistic scenery."
13. "As unique an impersonation as Stuart Robson's Bertie the Lamb."
14. "The audience seemed to enjoy the play, and applauded liberally." (In the critique of a first-night when the house is filled with friends of the manager, the actors and the playwright.)
15. "In spite of all this, the play should have a long run."

Say what you will against the moving-pictures, Eustachio, you must still admit you never heard one of them pronounce "been" as if it were Van Camp's!

Fame

Which, in the American Theatre, is the better known, the more-applauded, the more greatly and favorably remarked upon:

1. The acting talent of Arnold Daly or the bobbed hair of Mrs. Castle?
2. The dramatic writing skill of Tom Barry or Frankie Bailey's legs?
3. The producing aptitude of Winthrop Ames or Valeska Suratt's mole?
4. The adroit orchestrations of Victor Herbert or Grace La Rue's dresses?
5. The really affecting acting of twelve-year-old Vivian Tobin or the "finished technique" of Mrs. Pat Campbell?

THEATRICALY SPEAKING



ENGLISHMAN
A subject of King George.

AMERICAN
A predicate.

Trumps of Humor

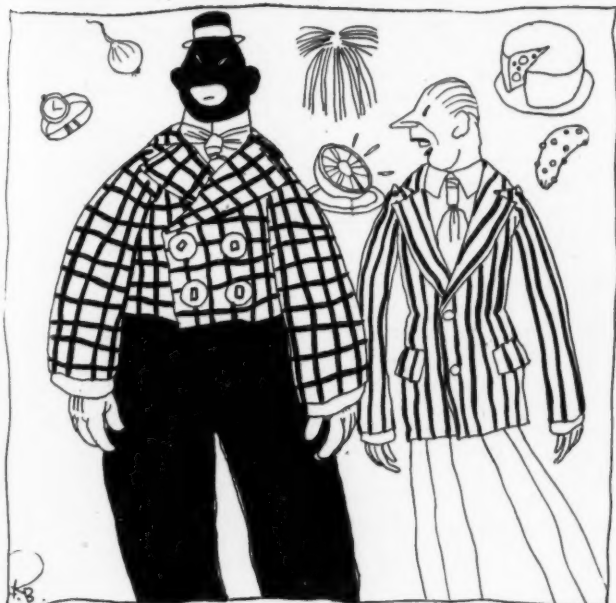
The fifteen trump cards of the American humor, in the order of their relative flooring power:

1. Cheese (preferably Limburger; second choice, Swiss; third choice, the holes in the Swiss).
2. The dill pickle. (a. The small growths upon the pickle, referred to as "warts." b. The squirting proclivities of the pickle.)
3. Whiskers (preferably their soup-swabbing propensity).
4. Grapefruit (see No. 2, Clause b).
5. The seat of the pants.
6. Monsewer.
7. An onion.
8. Sister Lena.
9. Philadelphia.
10. The In-Seine River.
11. A waistcoat of any color other than black, white, or gray.
12. See No. 5, and attach a target.
13. The wrist-watch.
14. The Champs Elysees, pronounced the Chumps Lizzie.
15. The remark, "You big Swede," when addressed to a colored gentleman.

Suggested dedication for a book of dramatic criticisms: "To that greatest of all comedians, a New York first-night audience."

Most stars may be divided into two classes: Those who are loved by the public and those who are loved by the manager.

Theatres.—Edifices erected for the amusement of real estate agents.



"You big Swede!"

Dramatic Criticism

Its Rubber-Stamp Words, Sentences and Phrases, and What They Actually Mean

I

"Virtuosity in facial expression." This means that the actress so praised has indicated indecision by catching the lower right hand corner of her mouth in her teeth; passion by half closing the eyes, puckering the mouth and taking a slow, long, deep breath; and resolution by setting her teeth, stamping her foot, and ringing for the butler.

II

"Genre play." Any particularly uninteresting play by a well-known Continental dramatist.

III

"The support was adequate." This means that the company was selected by the manager with sufficient perspicacity to make the star's acting, in comparison with the company's almost seem tolerable.

IV

"His gestures were mechanical." This means that the actor's gestures were unlike those regulated by fine histrionism—which is to say, like those of a human being.

V

"Psychology." A word used by kind-hearted critics in an attempt to render clear the unintelligible portions of bad plays produced by friends.

VI

"A drama on a vital question." Any play dealing with a subject that has already been thoroughly threshed out and settled.

VII

"He bore himself with admirable deportment." Praise bestowed by the critic upon an actor whose art has progressed to the high degree where he is able to carry himself unlike an actor.

VIII

"She ran the gamut of emotions." This means that the actress has expressed grief by blowing her nose, fury by smashing a vase, longing by extending her hands palms up, despair by banging on a door with her fists, anxiety by clutching a portiere and peering out of a window, joy by not remaining seated, bravery in the face of disaster by wearing one of Lucile's cheaper dresses, and hate by telling her husband that the baby isn't his.

According to drama, as we get it currently on the Broadway stage, all women may be divided into two classes: (1), those who are infinitely superior to men, and (2), those who are infinitely superior to men.

It is a fact widely known among the theatrical managers that society people no longer go to the theatre. But, after all, why should they go to the theatre? Are they not thoroughly proficient in boring themselves?



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Puck

The Seven Arts

(Continued from page 14)



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issue — and, after hearing the opera, I agreed with him. It is without the slow, haunting magic of Debussy's "Pelleas et Melisande," yet it is poetic, as poetry goes nowadays in the sphere of opera. The book by Sem Benelli is first rate; a better one for dramatic purposes is seldom written. Concise, swift, tragic, is the story of these three impassioned kings. If you wish to read symbolism into it you may, as you may with "John Gabriel Borkman." But the symbol does not fly like a flag, and the story does. The music is a mosaic of Wagner, Verdi, Puccini. Nevertheless, the composer has assimilated his material, and if "Tristan and Isolde," or "Die Walkure," are often peeping around the corner in the score, they are welcome in the brave orchestral accoutrements of Montemezzi. Arturo Toscanini, that magician of the baton, conducted, and, of course, the chorus sang wonderfully well — as it does in "Boris" and in "Die Meistersinger." Didur, Amato, Ferrari-Fontano were excellent, and Lucrezia Bori delightful. With such an artist as Miss Bori, the opera house will always be a magnet; and I can say the same of the thrice-charming Frieda Hempel, and the dramatic Melanie Kurt, and the finished art of Johanna Gadske.

James Preston The exhibition at the Maison Braun Gallery of James Preston's paintings and color-drawings was an eye-opener for those who had not followed the marked progress of this modest young artist. He has remained an impressionist, because that method — if it be a method — of envisaging nature appealed to his temperament. Sincerity is his keynote, sincerity allied to a calm vision and much personal charm. His wintry landscapes are vital, and a particular portrait of the Chartres Cathedral is rich in coloring, and charged with imaginative suggestion. The color-drawings are capital.

Theatrical The revivals of "Trilby," at the Shubert Theatre, and "A Celebrated Case," at the Empire, prove we are nearing the close of the season. Arnold Daly has revived Shaw's "You Never Can Tell," at the Garrick, with that prime comedian, George Giddings, as the immortal waiter. As for moving-pictures, nothing has ever been shown here to compare with "The Birth of a Nation," at the Liberty. It is positively thrilling.

ALL SERENE

WIFE: Oh, John! The chauffeur has eloped with Marie!
HUSBAND: Did the villain take the car?
WIFE: No, he didn't take the car.
HUSBAND: Oh, well — he's a good decent sort of chap; what's your kick?

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DIARY January 22, 1820

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A NEW AGE IN HISTORY

When some intrepid Herodotus shall feel called upon to write down in the sober judgment of a later day the record of these troubled times, he would be remiss in a duty to posterity were he to head his first chapter other than

THE AGE OF BATHOS.

For the memory of man runneth to no day or generation when the law-givers of a free people descended to the depths of poppycock that have marked the legislative efforts now drawing to an eagerly-looked-for close in the various states of the Union.

We had hoped—nay, we had prayed—that the acme of legislative asininity had been reached in the recent hysteria that has deluged the fair State of Alabama in a tidal wave of buttermilk; but Wisconsin comes to the rescue of her Southern sister with a proposed statute which for downright stupidity finds no parallel in any legislation heretofore proposed. It reads:

"No educational institution of any kind supported in whole or in part by public money shall employ a teacher who smokes cigarettes, nor shall any institution grant a diploma or certificate of education to any one who smokes cigarettes."

That a politician could be found in Wisconsin possessed of an intellect so microscopic as to conceive of this brilliant effort is in itself astounding; that his offspring could progress as far as the State printer's hands staggers the imagination.

So, now, we may no longer smoke! Or, if we do, Wisconsin will refuse us a "certificate of education."

There is a serious aspect, however, to all this twaddle. One by one the little liberties gained some century and a half ago at a terrific cost are slipping away from us. George Guelph never dared tell his subjects they couldn't drink, or that they must not smoke. That poor, misguided monarch simply tried to collect a trifling tax on tea; and the question that inevitably comes to mind at this late day is, how much longer will an easy-going people permit their representatives to make a travesty of all law in their mad scramble for notoriety.

What sordid vanity suffuses the spirit of a legislator to be pointed out as "the man who passed the no-smoking law"!

It is now but a short step to the curfew. Indeed we shall be disappointed if some solemn ass does not arise at the next session of Congress and propose that the citizens of America go to bed at sundown. It requires no great tax upon an Alabaman's self-complacency to demand, since the poor whites of his own district possess neither a lamp nor the oil with which to fill it, that all the lights on Broadway should be doused when the chickens go to roost. Having spent his days in the solitude of rural wastes, the back-woods member can see no reason why "city fellers" should remain up after the chores are done and the cat put out for the night.

The magazines of the country muck-raked to their heart's content for five wearisome years. The crop of legislative "regulators" now holding forth is the result. In half a decade, nearly seventy thousand new and useless "laws" have been added to our state and federal statutes.

When may we have a return of sanity, and write "Finis" to the chapter on "The Age of Bathos"?

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Library authorities have been told by physicians that much greater precautions should be taken against the dissemination of infectious disease through books.

—News note.

"Robinson Crusoe," "David Copperfield," and "Don Quixote," were yesterday removed from their shelves in the public library and taken to North Brother Island. All are suffering from smallpox.

"The House of the Seven Gables" has been quarantined. It harbors a bad case of measles.

"Little Dorrit" and "Ivanhoe" have the whooping cough. Children are warned to keep away from their shelves until further notice.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" will shortly be torn down, and a modern bungalow, with sanitary plumbing, erected in its place.

All of Laura Jean Libby's books are down with the pip.

The Board of Health has issued an order closing "Vanity Fair." Becky Sharp and Rawdon Crawley have scarlet fever.

"The Count of Monte Cristo" has a mild attack of chicken-pox. He is supposed to have caught it from "Cinderella."

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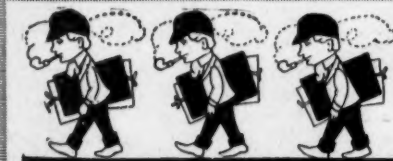
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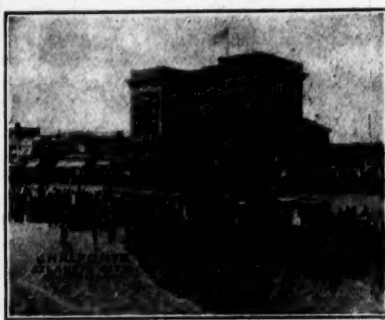
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Rub gently with Carbona until cleaned. Ready
to wear in an instant.

Cannot Burn or Explode

CARBONA Cleaning Fluid

Cleans Silk and Velvet Ribbons
Wet a clean cloth with Carbona; rub gently
Ready to wear in an instant.
15c, 25c, 50c & \$1 Bottles.

All Druggists

CAREER OF THE DUSTPAN

An eating joint in a great city was once very much to the bad. It had been good in its day, but its day appeared to be sinking into an everlasting dusk. The customers, already few, were rapidly becoming fewer. The proprietor let things slide. The food and the service were sloppy.

"Don't go in there," said the wise ones to the unsuspecting, "it's dirty. I wouldn't take a chance on that place if I never ate."

Things went from bad to worse with the proprietor, and he was glad to sell out cheap when a perfect stranger came along one day and made him an offer for the outfit, dirt and all.

The new man pulled down the shades and stuck a sign in the window announcing that "this place" would be opened under new management as soon as certain alterations were complete.

And did he clean the place? He did not. He threw away the tablecloths and substituted for the veneered tables a lot of eating-house furniture of dark and dingy wood. He went to a dealer in old bottles and bought a supply of his oldest and dirtiest; also many ancient jugs and demijohns. He scattered sand over the floor in liberal quantities and smeared the mirrors with something to make them dull. He went to a second-hand picture shop and bought a number of faded prints; a framed engraving of Lincoln and his Cabinet, a picture of the New York City Hall in 1835, and a view of the interior of Castle Garden with Jenny Lind singing on the stage. He bought some old kegs and a hogshead or two from a warehouseman and stuck them up on skids. Then, as a finishing touch, he cleaned up the place with a forty-horse-power vacuum cleaner, and immediately blew the fine brown dust all back again with a bellows. Nothing about the premises was overlooked.

"Where shall we eat?" asked the stranger in town.

"Eat? Come with us," the wise ones would say. "We'll show you a place. None of your polished mahogany, nickel-plate and fret work. We'll take you around to the Dustpan. They say the place hasn't been cleaned in a thousand years. Wait till you see it. It's great."

In a few years, the new proprietor was able to retire to a life of coupon-clipping, and people used to say of his successor's management:

"Oh, the Dustpan's all right as an eating joint, but the chap that's got it now made the mistake of trying to clean it up. Y'ought to have seen it when Billy had it. You could write your name with your finger on anything in the place."

MORAL: A little dirt is a dangerous thing. Get a lot and feature it.

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps.
C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

It is said that the chief function of a woman is to be a mother. This is also the chief function of an oyster.

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